Pastoral D'Ete
Will Hindle 1958 9 m

Tung
Bruce Baillie 1966 5 m (silent)

Eaux D'Artifice
Kenneth Anger 1953 13 m

Window Water Baby Moving
Stan Brakhage 1959 12 m (silent)

Cosmic Ray
Bruce Conner 1961 4 m

(43 min)

Break (Where Africa rise)
Our Trip to Africa
Peter Kubelka, 1961-1966 12½ min

Castro Street
Bruce Baillie, 1966 10 min

Billabong
Will Hindle, 1969 9 min

7362
Pat O'Neill, 1965-67 10 min

Mothlight
Stan Brakhage, 1963 4 min (silent)

A Movie
Bruce Conner, 1958 12 min

All My Life
Bruce Baillie, 1966 3 min

(60 min)

103 min

Aug 24 94

Dear Irina and Steve,

How interesting to be asked to do this. I'm no curator, but then, what was I doing those years with Bruce programming and writing texts for all of the early Canyon Cinema shows, to say nothing of curating all of the films I've shown in my classes over the years? So, basically I knew what I would want to show by the time I phoned you.

I want to show the films that we showed in those early days, for the most part, that influenced me to become a film maker, ones that I still love. As it turns out these are films which I see at least once a year because I show them to my students. These choices are not politically correct, as you will notice they are all made by older white men. They are short in order to be able to show many films. Missing are some films which were important to me because they are not in the Canyon catalog or they were too long. We did not show some of these films at Canyon; Baillie's are all made in 1966, a couple of years after other people carried on the work of providing a show place, but, I feel very close to this work since we were close. Kubelka's film we did not show, but we showed others of his, I believe, and if my memory serves me, he was on our mailing list and received all of the Canyon Cinema Newsletters. I didn't see Pat O'Neill's work until I moved to LA in 1966. I met him at UCLA while both students there (he in art). It is interesting to note that none of the film makers are products of film schools. Baillie attended the London School of cinematography for a very brief time. They learned the skills on their own, inventing techniques, not influenced much by work made before their time, since there wasn't all that much to be seen, and no place to see it. Most began art in other mediums and somehow got seduced by the magic of film making. It was when I saw these films that I knew that I could do it, that I wanted more than anything to do it, and so I did it. The work here is what some would call West Coast, somewhat lyrical, incredibly beautiful and poetic. They are basically non-political, personal and emotionally powerful. To me, each are perfect, they speak to my heart and my sense of beauty both in imagry and presentation.

Pastoral D'Ete, and Billabong by Will Hindle. Although Bruce Baillie and I programmed and arranged for the early showings of Canyon Cinema, now known as the Cinemateque, we often got Will to come and speak about the films. He could hold people glued to their seats, which was very hard to do when we were trying to build an audience for this strange stuff. A gentleman

through and through, his work reflects what we mean when (if) we call ourselves visual poets.

Tung, Castro Street, and All My Life, by Bruce Baillie. We were pals and still are, and had daily contact throughout our partnership at Canyon. He taught me how to shoot a camera, how to edit and deal with sound. We talked endlessly about film and ideas. His work is a big part of my life in film. His in camera supers, using his hand to make dissolves, using distorted glass and bottles in front of the lens, of never letting go of the idea that film is or can be poetry influenced my perspective and creative process.

Eaux D'Artifice by Kenneth Anger. Yeah, I know that by using a very small male dressed up as a woman will make the gardens look larger and more overwhelming, but it tells me, don't take this art making too seriously, don't forget the contradictions or humor from someplace deep inside, mess with it, bring different levels into it, make your work just a little bit askew, put in your secrets, your delicious desires, your other names.

Window Water Baby Moving and Mothlight, by Stan Brakhage. Bruce and I were giving Stan a show. But we wanted to have it in a place that was like a theater, maybe to recall all of those Saturdays we had spent as kids in those wonderful theatrical movie palaces when we had got hooked on film. We found a community theater that wasn't what we had imagined. But it did have silly plaster of Paris statues and I think in the end we made it pretty magical. It was my job to go pick up Stan at James Broughton's house. I was young and not very confident about meeting Stan, who was by then famous. I mean, this guy was coming in from Denver, a favorite place for the Beats, how could I make his day peaceful, restful and interesting before his show? Before we were in the car five minutes, he told me that Kenneth Anger's name wasn't Kenneth Anger and the story of Maya Deren's death. After that Stan lived for awhile in San Francisco. We gave the West Coast Premier of Dog Star Man. One time Jane Brakhage came with Stan's work and told us her perception of the making of Window Water Baby Moving.

Cosmic Ray and A Movie, by Bruce Conner. Collage, found footage films. When I first saw A Movie, it knocked my socks off. It just chomped into me emotionally. To see, to put together in my mind feelings that were not to be explained in a literary way that these images painstakingly arranged into a new context drew forth, was absolutely amazing. Making a film out of disparate images, in a way, out of nothing is true magic. When we first showed Cosmic Ray at Canyon, the audience would not let us get

on with the show until we ran it through again and yet again. They boogied. What I learned, put your foot on the gas and don't ease off.

Unsere Afrikareise, by Peter Kubelka. I saw this film first soon after I moved to Los Angeles. I had long had an involvement with anthropology and documentary film. This film, with it's powerful images and unsettling content, showed me a way to unite a documentary style of shooting and personal film making. It showed me not to let off, that there is a way to beauty and poetry while using tough material.

7362, by Pat O'Neill. I met Pat while a film student at UCLA. He was beginning to discover his own lure toward film after working mainly in sculpture. He was in the Art Department, a place totally separate from the film school. But artists and film makers tend to meet and we did. He had begun working on an old contact 16mm printer that somehow had found its way into the photography facility. He simply figured out how to use it by himself and he taught me what he knew. He became the master of optical printing, but this film was made entirely on the contact printer.

Love,
Chick